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THE

Drunkard's Doom;

—AND—

THE DUTY OF

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

A SERMON,

PREACHED BEFORE THE LODGE, AT WESTCHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA,

BY

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THE
DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

"Nor Drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God."--I Cor. vi. 10.

There is a long catalogue of criminals here, having the drunkard in their midst, of whom it is said, that they shall not inherit the kingdom of God. The truth of this statement might be doubted by some, if Paul were the only individual who left this testimony on record. But, what are the facts of the case? There is not a book in the Bible that does not condemn the drunkard, and pronounce him to be an object of wretchedness, misery and woe; yet, with all this, the devil makes a slave of the poor tippler, by telling him that there is no immediate danger. He listens for a moment, and then takes another draught of that which has sent millions upon millions of the human family into the chambers of eternal despair. Man is depraved by nature; Satan takes advantage of that depravity, comes in the garb of an angel of light, presents the cup of strong drink in all its charms; away goes the poor besotted wretch to the tavern, and stops not till he hurls himself into eternal ruin.

In Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, I saw a door of black marble, intended to represent death. Above it was written, "Through the gate of death, we must pass to our joyful resurrection." There is, on either side of the door, a statue of marble, intended to represent angels with extended wings. Their countenance is mild, solemn, serene and God-like; being intended to comfort the weary pilgrim as he walks "through the valley of the shadow of death." On one side of the door was written, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away;" and on the other, "They that abide under his shadow shall return." In the words of my text, I see inscribed over the gate of the New Jerusalem, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." With a telescopic view, I see two angels standing at the portals of glory above: but how different from those in Saint Paul's Cathedral! They are not there to overshadow the drunkard's path, and ward off every danger. Ah! no; but they have the sword of God's eternal vengeance against sin, in hand, and their duty is, to keep every drunkard from entering "in through the gates into the city."

But that is not all. After declaring that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," they show the gate of woe wide open, and these words inscibed, as with liquid fire, on the top, "This is the yawning gate of hell, and every drunkard must enter here." Where now is the poor drunkard who left this tabernacle of clay? the angels of God's justice did not allow him to enter the portals of glory; so, where must he go? At death, Justice condemns him; then he is dragged to the gates of woe. Now two parties are ready to receive him; they are quite different from, either the statues of marble in Saint Paul's Cathedral, or the angels of divine love that welcome the just at the gates of the New Jerusalem. They are arch-fiends from the gulf of despair. Their name is Beelzebub, and Apollyon. They are tormented for ever and ever, in the fire of God's wrath; and their only delight—if delight it can be called—is in torturing and tormenting the lost of Adam's race. Think what kind of reception the poor drunkard will receive at their hands, as they drag him into the chambers of darkness and gloom! Mercy is unknown to them; so he cannot expect mercy at their hands. Think you, what will Apollyon say to the drunkard, as he seizes him at the gate of woe? Will it be that which he said to Christian, in the valley of Forgetful Green? The words are these: "Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul," at the same moment throwing a flaming javelin at Christian's breast. If not, will he say, "Poor fool, that believed me before Christ, and brought yourself to this dismal gate by strong drink; I am now to drag you away and plunge you into the boiling, sulphury surges of Jehovah's wrath; there you and I must exist, side by side, till the resurrection morn; then, your body shall be raised, at the sound of the last trumpet; body and soul shall be re-united; after that, you and I shall be plunged into a furnace seven times heated, where we shall remain throughout eternity." Call this the language of imagination, if you will; but such will be the lot of those who ruin themselves by strong drink, and concerning whom it is said, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

If we look at the drunkard in the light of reason, he is the most pitiable creature in God's universe. This is by no means the language of extravagance, but the teachings of conscience. At the outset, no man ever intended to squander his money, disgrace his wife, his family, and himself, then die a drunkard. At first, he begins with a mere taste, perhaps not one-tenth of a glass; he tells you it leaves a disagreeable taste in his mouth; for this reason, he is in no danger whatever of becoming a drunkard. Watch his movements, and, at the end of two or three years, he'll tell you that it's very nice to have a little in the morning. This is a mighty stride in such a short time: dislike is turned into like; bad taste into rather pleasant; and, "I won't enter a

tavern," into, "I don't mind if I do, and take one glass." By this time, drunkenness is deeply rooted in the heart; and it requires only a cultivation of two or three glasses a week, to make the moderate drinker a besotted wretch. The car that went only two miles an hour, at first, now goes *twenty*, and at *fifty* the drunkard *will die of delirium tremens.*

Who is to bear the blame of all this? I believe parents are guilty, in a great many instances. How many a mother, who never taught her child to pray, has begun to make that child a confirmed drunkard, while the infant is yet dandled upon her knee. The child may be unwell, and she, without the advice of a physician, or any one else, crams wine and gin toddy down its throat. The infant cries, and resists with all its might, but all of no use—down it must go. What class of mothers is apt to do this?—the very ones who like an occasional taste for themselves. When the child begins to reason for itself, the mother shows it that the nice drink is sweetened with sugar, or something else, and that it will do the little dear good; the baby is ill, and it will not get well or strong, if it won't take its drink. This is no vain story, but the occurrence of every-day life. How little does that mother think that she is sowing the seeds of drunkenness in her child's breast, and schooling him for hell! How little does she think that *her two hands* are the means of keeping him out of that place where no drunkard shall ever enter—I mean the "kingdom of God." Keep your eye on that child; by the time he is eight or ten years of age, and his mother from home, he will go to the closet and help himself to a drop of strong drink. Whose fault is this—the child or the mother's? I think it must be that of the latter. The child is only practising what his mother taught him. For doing this very thing, she punishes him with the rod which *justice would lay upon herself.* Oh, mothers! beware of the manner in which you train your children; look well at the example which you set before them. It is natural for your offspring to walk in your footsteps; so, whichever way you want them to go, go before them. This reminds me of an anecdote I read, some years ago; it ran thus:—A party who was on the scaffold, with the halter about his neck, asked, as a favour, that he'd be allowed to speak one word to his mother. The request was granted. She ascended the scaffold to his side. Instead of whispering in her ear, he pulled it off, and turned round to the crowd, holding it up in his hand; then he said:—"I used to steal, and my mother encouraged me; if she'd punished me in time, I'd be a respectable man." Call this a fable, if you will, but it's a fable in real life. How many a son has died upon the scaffold of delirium tremens, with the halter of strong drink about his neck, while he cried to a weeping multitude: "My mother's example brought me to this! My mother ruined me, body and soul! I'm lost! lost forever!" In this condition,

he takes another draught, and expects to find happiness beyond the shore of time. While raving mad, he, in the car of death, leaves for the eternal world: in a moment he reaches the unknown shore, and sees written above the portals of glory, that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." How disappointed! This shuts him out; having left the tabernacle of clay, he is now beyond the pale of God's mercy and the hope of pardon, forever.

It is quite probable that people who are acquainted on earth will recognize each other in the eternal world. The rich man in the parable knew Lazarus, and the disciples knew Moses and Elias on the mount of transfiguration. The rich man seemed very anxious that a messenger "from the dead" would be sent to warn his brethren. This desire could not arise from love; because, in hell, love is unknown. It might have arisen either from the desire of justifying self and accusing God, or from the thought of those whom he led astray upon earth coming to cast the same in his teeth. Just think of husband and wife dying by the effect of strong drink, and going side by side into the regions of eternal misery! The children follow their parents' example and go to the same place. Oh! what a melancholy scene: parents in torment, listening to the weeping and wailing, the moans and groans of lost children, and children cursing and blaspheming parents for the example given them on earth. This is a sad picture; but, I believe, no more sad than true. If there is one thing that can make the fire of God's wrath hotter than the stings of an accusing conscience, I believe it is parents seeing their offspring side by side with themselves in the regions of despair. If one drop of mercy could be obtained there, how soon they would drink of it themselves, and bring their family to the crystal stream! But no; it is too late! While on earth, they despised God's word, trampled his laws under foot, and would not accept of his offers. Now, they must endure their torment forever and ever.

There is another stage in life when danger hangs over the head like a mill stone—that is, when young people are in the habit of going to parties trimmed by drinking and dancing. The heart is full of the fire of youth, and the wine cup fans that fire into a flame; and God only knows where its ravages may stop! Oh mothers! beware how you train your daughters; remember that your counsel has a mighty influence over them. God tells us in his word that, through the influence of Herodias, her daughter was persuaded to prefer the head of John the Baptist to the half of Herod's kingdom. Read the whole narrative, and you will find that there was "dancing on the carpet," and drinking behind the curtain. Had Herod been "sober," he would never dream of giving the damsel anything she'd ask, "unto the half of his kingdom," because her dancing pleased him. But it was a birth-day festival; he was surrounded by "his lords, high captains, and chief

estates of Galilee;" his head was highly inflamed with wine, and reason was driven out of doors by the whip of strong drink. This, and this only, will account for his madness. In London alone, there are thousands upon thousands of our race, with characters as dark as the howling wilderness; and I'd venture to say that nine hundred and ninety nine out of every thousand can trace their ruin to the influence of strong drink and bad company. Other cities are little, if any, better. Go to Edinburg; there is no place in the world where the gospel is preached with such high-toned eloquence and soul-burning zeal; still, in it you will find a great deal of misery, wretchedness, and woe. Take a walk through Canongate and Cowgate, in the dead hour of night, and you can see hundreds and thousands on the very threshold of hell. Glasgow is no better, and Liverpool is worse, if worse it can be. They live in misery, and die in disgrace. Ask them, what was the first and last step on your road to ruin? From the chambers of despair, one and all answer: "Strong drink! rum! rum! rum!"

But I'm told that there's a time for dancing, in the Bible. Well, grant it; there is likewise a time to kill. What would you think of a man coming into your house, telling you, calmly and cooly, that the Bible allowed "a time to kill;" then, discharge the contents of his revolver at your wife, and family? Why, you would apprehend him at once, and the law of the land would condemn him to die. Well, he had just as much of the Bible on his side, to defend that murder, as you have to defend the dancing and drunkenness of our day. To defend these customs by the Word of God, as they now exist in society, is nothing more nor less than a prostitution of the Bible to uphold the works of Satan.

But again, we are told that rum-selling is quite respectable. Grant it, for the sake of argument, and what then? is there anything gained by that? We think not much. In Arabia, and some other countries, theft and plunder are quite respectable among the people: does that take away their guilt? No, not one fraction of it. What then makes it respectable to steal in Arabia and not in Nova Scotia? Because the custom is sanctioned by a depraved race. Now what makes it respectable to sell and drink ardent spirits here, and not in the Kingdom of Heaven? The very same answer applies in this case. Though parties steal, that does not destroy the eighth commandment, and though men drink ardent spirits, still we find in the Bible that "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

When this is disposed of, another party will come with a bland face and say: "I only take a little occasionally, so you must not find fault with me." Well friend, what would you think of your neighbor coming to you with a smooth face, and saying: "I only take a little of your money occasionally, so you must not blame me." Why, the very idea

is absurd, you say. Well, I see *no more excuse* in the Bible for a *moderate drinker* than I do for a *moderate thief*: I'll find you drunkenness forbidden in God's Word, as you'll find the theft. You ask me, "What do you call a moderate drinker?" I call a man a moderate drinker, who tastes ardent spirits without its being prescribed by a duly qualified physician; *I care not how small a quantity he takes.* There are men who are fools, or even worse than fools—madmen, with less than half a glass of common drink. I make this difference between a fool, and a madman,—a fool is a simpleton, who will not harm anybody: a madman is a raving maniac, who is ready to injure himself and others—like a man under the influence of the demon intemperance. The Bible says, "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the Day of Judgment." Let this passage sit in judgment upon the man who entered a tavern, and it will pronounce him *drunk*, if ardent spirits have, in the least degree, given loose reins to his tongue, though he may not have drunk a spoonful. Does not the Bible say concerning such, that they "shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."

There are many in this world who try to salve their conscience, and justify their conduct, by telling us that Christ made a large quantity of wine at the marriage in "Cana of Galilee." So He did: but what kind of wine was it? Port, Madeira, Sherry, Moselle, or what? The Bible tells us that:—

"The conscious water saw its God and blush'd."

No man *can prove* that this was *fermented wine:* he may give us his word for it; but that is no authority; and not many, excepting *lovers* of *wine*, will care about doing that itself. God forbids us even to look at the red, or *fermented* wine, spoken of in his Word. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Pro. xxiii. 31–2, In the face of all this will any person pretend to tell us that Christ made 140 gallons (six waterpots containing two or three firkins apiece) of intoxicating wine at the marriage feast, allowed men to drink as much as they desired, while it was written above the portals of glory that "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God?"

Wherever we find drunkenness mentioned in the Bible, it is in connection with contempt, destruction, sorrow, and death. Isaiah says, "the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under feet." Jeremiah says, the drunkard shall "spue, and fall, and rise no more." Joel says, "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl all ye drinkers of wine." And Father, Son, and Spirit say, in the words of our text, "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God." The angels and

redeemed acknowledge the justice of this sentence as they say; "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints." Who then, will bring the drunkard into heaven?--if heaven's army, and heaven's King are determined to keep him out.

Both the rum seller, and rum-drinker, look upon temperance men as their greatest enemies. Is this really the case? An enemy is a person who wants to destroy you. Is this the aim of total abstainers? Supposing you saw three persons blindfold a man, and drag him into the mouth of a furnace, while several others were doing all in their power to keep him out of the fire; which would you consider his friends? Most assuredly, those who were dragging him from the fire. This is exactly your condition, poor tippler, and you won't believe it: you are standing at the mouth of the furnace of woe! Satan hath blinded your mind; he, in company with the rum-seller, and rum drinker, are doing all in their power to drag you in; yet you look upon them as your greatest friends: God the Father, Son, and Spirit, in company with the Total Abstinence Societies are trying to persuade you to keep away from the fire; yet you look upon them as your greatest enemies. Will you consider them so any longer?

Have you ever noticed the poor moth flying round and round the lamp-chimney, to get at the flame which destroys it? Did you ever pity it? This is precisely the condition of the man tampering with strong drink; no matter how lightly he touches it. Nothing but the lamp-chimney of God's long suffering keeps him from falling into the flame of woe. That will one day be taken away: then, he is lost! lost forever!

Oh! tamperers with strong drink, pause, and consider! You are engaged in that which dethroned kings, and ruined princes--that which destroyed husbands, and disgraced wives—that which broke the widow's heart, and bathed her orphan in tears—that which filled our cemeteries with untimely graves, and sent millions upon millions into the regions of despair. Get all the pleasure you can from strong drink; on the morrow you must bear the lash of an accusing conscience. At best, your bargain will be a dear one; you are selling your soul for that which never made a person happy, but ruined an innumerable multitude. Do you ask, what remedy is there to be had? I know of only one: that you will find in Collossians ii. 21. The words are these: "Touch not, taste not, handle not." This is the only safeguard against drunkenness. Pray God to pardon you for the past, and, through the strength of divine grace, never allow one drop of the accursed thing to pass your lips.

Have you ever been at a drunkard's death-bed? It is the most lamentable, the most heart rending of all scenes! There he lies in delirium tremens, raving mad with the effect of strong drink; and all

that he does is, blaspheme his Maker, curse his own existence, and crave, in God's name, for another draught of strong drink. He gradually sinks, till the spirit leaves its tabernacle of clay, and falls like a mountain of lead into the burning lake! because, "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God." Every person will agree with me—even the man who sold him ardent spirits—when I say that the man who died thus killed himself with strong drink. Then he is guilty of suicide. Three years ago, Doctor Pritchard, of Glasgow, poisoned his wife and mother-in-law. It was proved in Court that he administered it gradually, so as to pave the way and screen his guilt. Every voice, from Land's End to Cape Wrath, cried, "Why didn't the cruel wretch poison them at once, instead of torturing them for three months?" Popular opinion pronounced his guilt to be more heinous than if he had put them to death in an instant. Apply the same reasoning to the rum-seller and rum-drinker; the one tortures himself, and the other tortures his customers for a lifetime, and puts them to death at last. Are not both equally as guilty, if not more so, as the man who takes his own life or the life of his neighbor in a moment? I'd be very far from leading you to have *much Confidence* in a *death bed repentance.* True, we have the thief on the cross; but I believe such cases to be few and far between. With all this, I can conceive of the salvation of a murderer being possible, if he repents; but I cannot possibly see that the individual who kills himself with strong drink can be saved. And why? Because there is no room for repentance. With his own blood upon his hands he rushes to a judgment seat, and is there condemned. He died a drunkard; and "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Perhaps there may be some present who comfort themselves by saying, "I don't drink myself; I only sell to others." Well, friend, that is just saying, "I don't kill myself with strong drink; I only kill as many others as I can draw around me." With a gaudy sign in front of your house, you do all in your power to collect men, women, and children, and prepare them for the bottomless pit.

Of all murderers, the dealer in ardent spirits is the most terrible. The man who takes your child's life only kills the body; but the dealer in strong drink kills the body and ruins the soul. He does not mind all that, but says, "I make a respectable living." Respectable living, aye? Respectable living, engaged in the traffic of Satan!—respectable living in destroying husbands, disgracing wives, and starving children!—respectable living in sending myriads of the human family to a place of woe, and you, yourself, to a lake burning with fire and brimstone, which is the second! Oh! dealers in strong drink, how will you meet, at a judgment seat, the myriads that you destroyed upon earth? There you shall realize the awful meaning of the word

"Depart!"—depart from God! depart from heaven! depart to be with lost spirits, in that place where their "worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

God never intended that this fair world of ours should remain under the continual sway of King Alcohol. He has permitted it to be so, just now; but movements that are abroad in the world convince us that his days, like those of Belshazzar, are numbered.

"Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings, from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war."

We must go among the young, and organize our "Bands of Hope" and "Cold Water Armies" there. They must take our place: let us see that we train them to discharge their duty right and well. They are the very parties to whom this Monster will go, and present himself in the garb of an Angel of Light. Let us warn them that his love is only that of Delilah to Samson, and his kiss that of Judas to his Master.

The Platform, the Press, and the Pulpit, must go forth as champions in this great work. What we require is, not a little reformation, but a thorough change. Intemperance has turned the world upside down: Teetotalism, accompanied by the blessing of heaven, must turn it down side up. The atmosphere in which we move must be purified, till public opinion becomes entirely changed. Tippling legislators must be made to "walk the plank," and new ones put in their place. Cosey magistrates, who like their glass, must be superseded by men who, instead of fining the rum-seller a few dollars, will turn him "right about face" into the penitentiary, to break stones, and teach him to earn "his bread by the sweat of his brow." "The law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for the unholy and profane:" then we must have men of the right stamp to enforce it against such characters.

The Press has a mighty influence upon the public mind. Its leaders must do all in their power to educate the community, and give them proper literature to read. They must shut their columns against advertisements for the sale of wine, gin, brandy, and such like, till the train be compelled to stop, for the want of fuel to drive it, and freight to make the traffic pay.

The Pulpit is sadly behind the age in doing its part in this great work. We want men behind the "sacred desk" who will do their duty, and regard neither the face of man nor frown of rum-seller. There lives a minister in the metropolis of Great Britain, sad to tell, who advocates moderate drinking because our Saviour made the water wine. Before concluding his lecture on this subject, he gives us another reason; it is this: "I have tried the teetotal system, and,

literally and truly, it did not suit me." We are at a loss to know how long he tried teetotalism; perhaps only from twelve o'clock at night till eight or nine the following morning. The same man had his fingers burnt since. His son—a youth at college—has lately been dragged into the London Court, with the chain of bankruptcy about his neck. We take for granted that this arose from *fast* living. Just fancy that son saying to his father: "Your lecture on the "Water made Wine" led me into the rapids; now I'm lost!" *This is one instance of what flows from moderation.* Let us *never* give place to moderation—no, *not for a single hour*. The friends of King Alcohol are doing all in their power to have him protected by law; let us unite, heart and hand, seize the legal reins, and suspend the Monster on the gallows which his friend prepared for Teetotalism, as Haman was in that which he got ready for Mordecai.—Ruth iv. 10. Why need be afraid any longer? Already we have an *Independent Band*—a noble army of six hundred thousand in the field, who pledged themselves to a life-long siege with the enemy. Their ranks are daily getting thinner; and ours are increasing by hundreds and thousands. We have many Lodges in British America and the adjoining Republic. These are, like beacons, pointing the shipwrecked drunkard to the haven of safety, and saying, "Turn, and live." But the work is yet unfinished. Every year, hundreds and thousands are going down to the chambers of woe. We must wage war with the enemy till her citadels are stormed, her ports blockaded, her captives set at liberty, and her fountains dried up. We must polish the mirror of public opinion till the drunkard sees himself to be, what he really is—the image of wretchedness, misery, and woe. We must elevate the tone of society till one and all be persuaded to spue the rum-seller out of their midst with disgust, and compel him to say, with Cain: "Ye have driven me out, this day, from the face of the earth; and from your face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth."

Temperance men! we must never leave the field till the pulse of Ardent Spirits will cease to beat, and the traffic die, of palpitation of the heart. We must struggle and fight till the chains of every victim be snapped asunder, and the last drop of ardent spirits be dried from our soil—till "kings shall be nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers" in our noble army—till Lords and Commons, Senate and Congress, Press and Pulpit unite heart and hand to unfurl our glorious banner—till Intemperance be crushed by the sledge hammer of Divine Truth, and Total Abstinence—the fairest daughter of the skies—be clad in robes of royalty—crowned with a wreath of perpetual green—raised upon a throne "high and lifted up," and heaven and earth shout, "God save the Queen!"